

AMUSEMENTS.

A PICTURE THAT WILL
BRING BACK THE HAPPY
DAYS OF YESTERDAY

HE'S
MY
PAL

WARNER
BROTHERS
PRESENT
The
SCREEN
CLASSIC

GUS EDWARDS'
"SCHOOL
DAYS"
FEATURING
WESLEY
BARRY

by arrangement with MARSHALL NEILAN
DIRECTED BY
HARRY RAPE

In Continuation with this extraordinary picture we present
A MINIATURE MUSICAL "SCHOOL DAYS" REVUE

STRAND MALE QUARTETTE
GIRLS, BOYS, SONGS, AND DANCES GALORE

HEAR ALL THE FAMOUS GUS EDWARDS MELODIES
FROM THE

STRAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CARL EDWARDS, Conductor

WHITTIER'S "MEMORIES" MARK STRAND
IN PRIMA COLORS TOPICAL REVIEW

BEGINNING TOMORROW

MARK
STRAND

CENTRAL THEATRE

PRICES—EVENINGS AND SATURDAY MATS., \$1, \$1.50 and \$2
MATINEES OTHER DAYS—PRICES 50c, \$1 and \$1.50

TO-DAY—TO-NIGHT—PERSONAL
APPEARANCE OF MISS DUPONT
FEMININE STAR OF "FOOLISH WIVES"

CARL LAEMMLE Presents
The First Real \$1,000,000 Picture

FOOLISH WIVES

The Most Wonderful Picture in America

By and with VON STROHEIM—"The Man You Will Love to Hate"

More thrills than were ever before concentrated in one gigantic picture—more costly stage settings than were ever before disclosed upon the silver screen—and the most fascinating villain the screen world has ever known.

P. S.—An All America Picture—Made in California

SEASON 1921-22

RICHARD WALTON TULLY

(James G. Peede Gen. Mgr.)

PRESENTS

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"

by Richard Walton Tully

(Eleventh Season)

GUY BATES POST

in

"THE MASQUERADER"

by John Hunter Booth

(Sixth Season)

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"

(Two Companies)

(Third Season)

A NEW PLAY BY RICHARD WALTON TULLY

COLUMBIA

ENTIRE CHANGE OF SHOW EVERY WEEK

WORLD OF FROLICS
SLIDING BILLY WATSON

Week Feb. 6—CUDDELL UP—A new Edith Show.

DIVORCE GRANTED MRS. EBNETS.

Supreme Court Justice Aspinall of Brooklyn yesterday granted an interlocutory decree of divorce to Mrs. Minnie E. A. Ebnetts in her suit against

Charles H. Ebnetts, owner of the Brooklyn National Baseball Club. The contents of a stipulation by which Ebnetts agreed to allow his wife alimony was not revealed. It is said to provide about \$10,000 a year for Mrs. Ebnetts.

AMUSEMENTS.

ASSOCIATED NATIONAL PICTURES, INC.

A nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners, releasing productions of the following independent screen artists:



New Yorkers For A Day Or Two

By Roger Batchelder.

"Welcome to Our City." That, according to John Peterson of San Francisco, now at the Belmont, is the slogan of his home town. And the Chamber of Commerce there has made it more than a slogan—it has made it a fact.

"Here is the plan which San Francisco has evolved," said Mr. Peterson. "Representatives of the city have been asked to serve for given periods on committees that call on visitors to the city and welcome them. It has been so arranged that the business men will call upon and entertain visitors in their own line so far as possible. The guests of the city will be taken on automobile trips about the city and the country nearby. They will be shown the leading spots in San Francisco and will be made to feel that San Francisco is happy to have them within her gates."

"Great results are bound to come from the work of these committees, and good results already have been achieved. The hotels, of course, are co-operating in the most whole-hearted manner with the Chamber of Commerce. We feel that the results

of this move cannot adequately be estimated, and we are sure that strangers to San Francisco will hereafter feel that they are at home."

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

Walter Reed of Chicago, at the Biltmore, yesterday praised our traffic regulations and said that we had Chicago, Detroit and other big automobile cities beaten in a hundred ways. Then he told of a local incident.

"I was passing through one of your one-way streets a few days ago," he said, "and all the vehicles, of course, were going in one direction. Just off Fifth Avenue a taxi-driver, who should have known better, turned into the street and started off in the wrong direction. The traffic cop yelled at him:

"Hey, Bill, what's running through you? Can't you see this is a one-way street?"

"The cop said it with a smile, and the taxi-driver smiled back. 'Say, boss,' he asked, 'ain't I goin' one way?'"

FURTHEST FROM HOME.

The "New Yorker For A Day or Two" who is furthest from home to-day is J. K. Yoshikawa, who is at the Pennsylvania Hotel in Tokyo, is about 7,500 miles from Broadway.

AMUSEMENTS.

With No Law To Stop You
What Would You?
Do Tonight?

The city before you—

Women . . . cafes . . . banks . . . riches in

homes and shops . . .

Take what you want—

Would you be home . . . or with your sweetheart? . . .

How about those secret wishes? . . . those half-thoughts that quiver and jump within you? . . .

Take all! Take all!

There was such a day! . . .

In a great city—the smartest city . . . and the wickedest . . .

No law! . . . and everyone doing what he or she wanted to . . .

They danced . . . and such dancing! . . .

They drank . . . and such drinking.

There was passion . . . but there was also faith!

Bad women . . . and beautiful—but there were good women . . . even more beautiful.

Oh that mad day!

Into it . . . from the country . . . came pretty Henriette Girard . . .

Her little love-heart brimming with sweetness . . .

For her blind orphan sister . . . for all the world.

One man stole her . . . and kissed her . . . and fell—amid wine and revelry and dancing . . .

Another kissed her . . . handsomest man of millions . . . and was driven from the city . . .

The third man kissed her—Danton, a nation's hero . . . and they threatened his life!

Love! Laughter! Madness without limit! . . .

Would you have withstood it?

See it! Feel it! Tremble with it! Lose yourself in it! Profit by it!

Just as those people did in Paris as shown in that enchanting and seizing last act in

D. W. Griffith's

hurricane of hypnotic action at the Apollo Theatre, "Orphans of the Storm."

See it! Feel it! Tremble with it! Lose yourself in it! Profit by it!

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DEAD MEN'S MONEY

A Story of Buried Treasure
By J. S. FLETCHER

CHAPTER XI

(Continued.)

BEFORE I had gathered my senses there were sounds at the foot of the stair, and I heard Chisholm's voice down in the gateway below.

"Hullo, up there!" he was demanding. "Is there anybody above?" It seemed as if I was bursting my chest when I got an answer out to him.

"Oh, man!" I shouted, "come up! There's me here—and there's murder!"

I heard him exclaim in a dismayed and surprised fashion, and mutter some words to somebody that was evidently with him, and then there was heavy tramping below, and presently Chisholm's face appeared round the corner, and as he held his bulbous eye before him, its light fell full on Hollins, and he jumped back a step or two.

"Mercy on us!" he let out. "What's all this? The man's lying dead!" There was another policeman with him, and they stepped past the body and followed me into the little room and looked around curiously. I left them whispering and opened the door that Hollins had pointed out. There was a stair there, as he had said, set deep in the thick wall, and I went a long way up it before I came to another door, in which there was a key set in the lock. And in a moment I had it turned, and there stood Maisie, and I had her in my arms and was flooding her with questions and holding the light to her face to see if she was safe, all at once.

But just then Chisholm called up the stair of the turret, asking was Miss Dunlop safe, and I bade Maisie speak to him.

"That's good news," said he. "But will you tell Mr. Hugh to come down to us?—and your best stop where you are yourself, Miss Dunlop—there's no very pleasant sight down this way." "There's some boxes or cases down in your car," remarked the policeman who had come with Chisholm. "All fastened up and labelled—it might be worth while to take a look into them. Sergeant. What's more, there's tools lying in the car that looks like they'd been used to fasten them up."

There were four of those boxes—stout, new-made, wooden cases, clamped with iron at the corners, and securely screwed down, and when the policeman invited me to feel the weight I was put in mind, in a lesser degree, of Gilverthwaite's oak chest.

"What do you think's like to be in there now, Mr. Hugh?" asked Chisholm. "Do you know what I think? There's various heavy metals in the world—aye, and isn't gold one of the heaviest? It'll not be lead that's in here! And you look at that!"

He pointed to some neatly dressed labels tacked strongly to each lid, the writing done in firm, bold, printlike characters:

John Harrison, Passenger, by SS. Aerolite, Newcastle to Hamburg.

Chisholm was beginning to open the screwed-up boxes. The rest of us stood around while this job was going on, waiting in silence. It was no easy or quick job, for after a thorough workmanlike fashion, and when he got the first lid off we saw that the boxes themselves had been evidently specially made for this purpose. They were of some very strong, well-seasoned wood, and they were lined, first with zinc, and then with thick felt. And—us were soon aware—they were filled to the brim with gold. There it lay—roll upon roll, all carefully packed—gold! It shone red and fiery in the light of our lamps, and it seemed to me that in every gleam of it I saw devil's eyes full of malice, and mockery, and murder.

It was then he fired at me—from some twelve or fifteen yards' distance. And whether he meant to kill me, or only to cripple me, I don't know; but the bullet went through my left knee, at the lower edge of the knee-cap, and the next thing I knew I was sprawling on all fours on the earth, and the next—and it was in the succeeding second, before even I felt a smart—I was staring up from that position to see the vengeance that fell on my would-be murderer in the very instant of his attempt on me. For as he fired and I fell, a strong spring as it were, from the bushes at his side, and a knife flashed, and then he, too, fell with a cry that was something between a groan and a scream—and I saw that his assailant was the Irishwoman Nance Maguire, and I knew at once who it was that had killed Hollins.

But that was nothing to the horror to come when I looked again. He was still writhing, crying, and fighting blindly for his life and I crouched on over to leave him alone, for I saw that in a few minutes he would be dead. I even made an effort to crawl to him, that I might drag him away from him, but my knee gave at the movement and I fell back half-fainting. And taking no more notice of me than I had been one of the stocks and stones along by, he suddenly gripped him, writhing as he was, by the throat, and drawing him over the bank as easily as if he had been a child in her grasp, she plunged knee-deep into the till and held him down under the water until he was drowned.

CHAPTER XII.

R. LINDSEY motioned Mr. Elphinstone and Mr. Gavin Simeaton and myself into a side room and shut the door on us.

"We can leave the police to do their own work," he remarked, motioning us to be seated at a convenient table. "My impression is that they'll find little out from the servants. And while that's afoot, I'd like to have that promised story of yours, Mr. Elphinstone."

"Just after I gave up the stewardship I had occasion to go up to London on business of my own. And there, one morning, as I was sauntering down the lower end of Regent Street, I met Gilbert Carstairs, whom I'd never seen since he left home. He'd his arm in mine in a minute and he would have me go with him to his rooms in Jermyn Street, close by—there was no denying him. I went, and found his rooms full of trunks and cases, and the like—he and a friend of his, he said, were just off on a sort of hunting expedition trip to some part of Central America. I don't know what they weren't going to do, but it was to be a big affair, and they were to come back loaded up with natural history specimens and to make a pile of money out of the venture too. And he was telling me all about it in his eager, excited way when the other man came in, and I was introduced to him. And, gentlemen, that's the man I saw—under the name of Sir Gilbert Carstairs—on the beach at Berwick only the other day!"

"Monnet Carstairs was evidently a rolling stone who came up against some queer characters—Gilverthwaite was one, Phillips—wherever he may have been—another. It's very evident, from what I've heard from you, that the three men were associates at one time. And it may be—it's probably the case—that in some moment of confidence, Michael let out his secret to these two, and that when he was dead they decided to make more inquiries into it—possibly blackmail the man who had stepped in, and whom they most likely believed to be the genuine Sir Gilbert Carstairs."

Murray had made out nothing. There was nothing whatever in the private rooms of the supposed Sir Gilbert Carstairs and his wife to suggest any clue to their whereabouts; the servants could tell nothing of their movements beyond what the police already knew.

We had stayed some time in Hall-croft House, and the dawn had broken before we left. As I crossed a narrow cut in the undergrowth, I saw, some distance away, a man's head slowly look out from the trees, drew back on the instant, watching—fortunately—or unfortunately—he was not looking in my direction, and did not catch even a momentary glance of me, and when he twisted his neck in my direction I saw that he was the man we had been talking of, and whom I now knew to be Dr. Meekin. And it flashed on me at once that he was hanging about for Hollins—all unconscious that Hollins was lying dead there in the old tower.

So—it was not he who had driven that murderous knife into Hollins's throat.

It was then that things went wrong. I was following cautiously, from tree to tree, close to the river bank, when my foot caught in a trail of ground bramble, and I went headlong into the brushwood. Before I was well on my feet, he had turned and was running back at me, his face white with rage and alarm, and a revolver in his hand. And when he saw who it was he had the revolver at the full length of his arm, covering me.

"Go back!" he said, stopping and steadying himself.

"No!" said I.

"If you come a yard further, Moneybags, I'll shoot you dead!" he declared. "I mean it! Go back! I was not coming a foot nearer," I retorted, keeping my eye on him.

"Where is Hollins?" he asked. "I'll be bound you know."

"Dead!" I answered him. "Dead. Mr. Meekin! As dead as Phillips, or as Abel Crone. And the police are after you—all round—and you'd better fling that revolver into the till there and come with me. You'll not get away from me as easily now as you did you time in your yacht!"

It was then he fired at me—from some twelve or fifteen yards' distance. And whether he meant to kill me, or only to cripple me, I don't know; but the bullet went through my left knee, at the lower edge of the knee-cap, and the next thing I knew I was sprawling on all fours on the earth, and the next—and it was in the succeeding second, before even I felt a smart—I was staring up from that position to see the vengeance that fell on my would-be murderer in the very instant of his attempt on me. For as he fired and I fell, a strong spring as it were, from the bushes at his side, and a knife flashed, and then he, too, fell with a cry that was something between a groan and a scream—and I saw that his assailant was the Irishwoman Nance Maguire, and I knew at once who it was that had killed Hollins.

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